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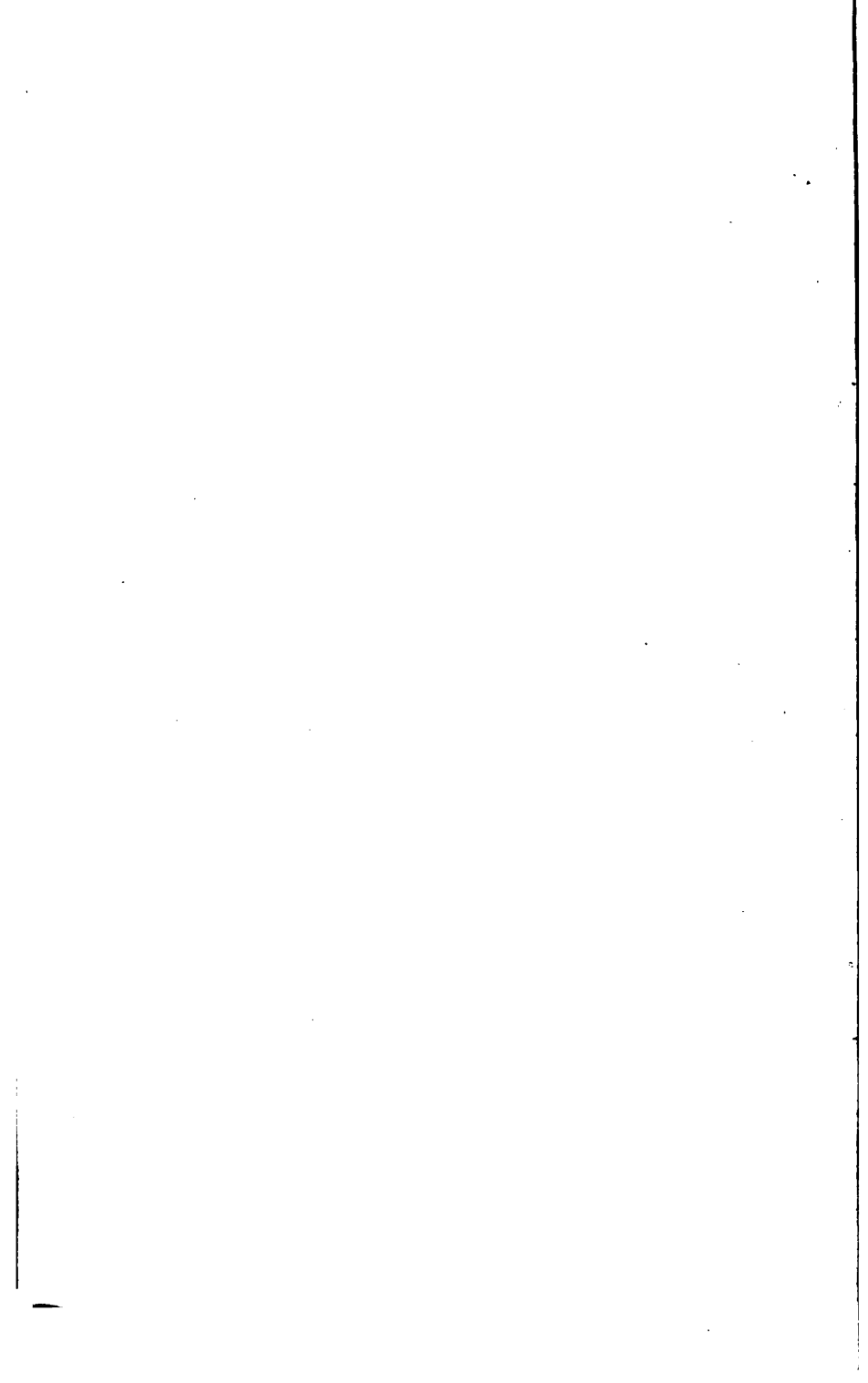








81.50



# S O N G S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

*by*  
*Alexander Campbell*

---

---

Nulla venenato litera mixta joco est.

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THE  
EDINBURGH  
PRESS

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR MANNERS & MILLER,

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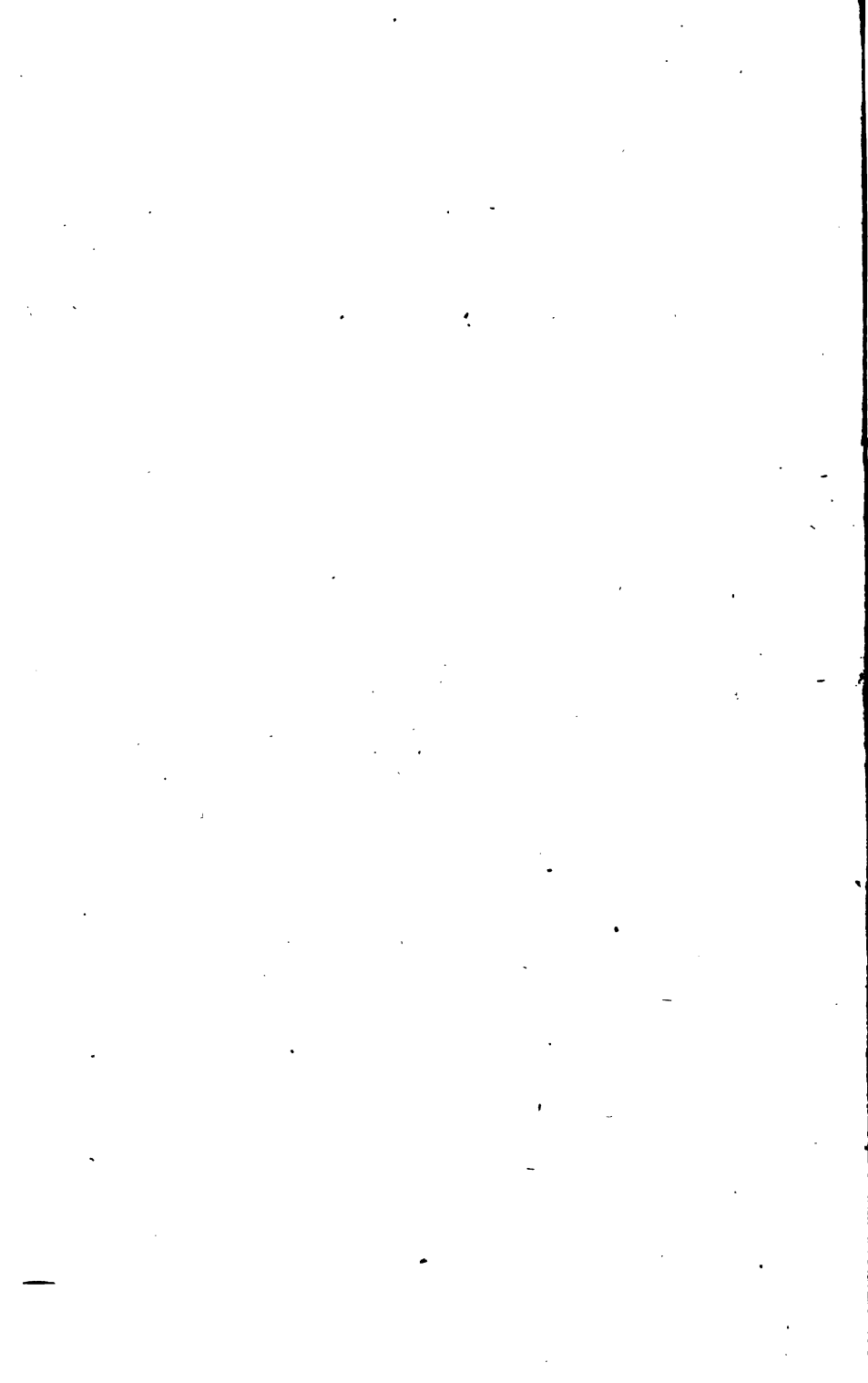
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1803.

TO VNU  
AIRBORNE



**S**EVERAL of the following Songs having been printed in Edinburgh and Glasgow without the Author's permission, and with alterations which he did not consider as improvements, he has been induced to present them to the Public in a more correct form.



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA  
SONG.

THE MAID OF ISLA \*.

HE.

AH, Mary ! sweetest maid, fareweel !  
My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck ;  
Heaven guard you, love, and heal  
Your heart, though mine, alas ! maun break.

SHE.

Dearest lad, what ills betide ?  
Is Willie to his love untrue ?  
Pledg'd the morn to be your bride,  
O ha'e ye, ha'e ye ta'en the rue ?

HE.

Ye canna wear a ragged gown,  
And beggar wed wi' nought ava ;  
My kye are loft, my house is down,  
My last sheep lies aneath the snaw.

---

\* The air is a reel of the island of Isla, brought over by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Like many others, when played slow, it is very plaintive.

SONGS,  
ALBION.  
SHE.

Tell na me o' storm or flood,  
Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill ;  
For Willie's sake I Willie loo'd ;  
Though poor, ye are my Willie still.

HE.

Ye canna thole the wind and rain,  
Nor wander friendless far frae hame ;  
Cheer, cheer your heart, some richer swain  
Will soon blot out loft Willie's name.

SHE.

I'll tak my bundle i' my hand,  
And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee ;  
I'll wander wi' ye ovr the land,  
I'll venture wi' ye ovr the sea.

HE.

Pardon, love, 'twas a' a snare ;  
My flocks are safe, we need na part ;  
I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,  
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

SHE.

Could ye wi' my feelings sport,  
Or doubt a heart fae kind and true?  
I should wish mischief on ye for't,  
But canna wish ought ill to you.

A 2

## SONG\*.

LET my lasſ be young, my wine be old,  
My cottage snug, friends never cold,  
My life no tedious tale twice told,  
And happy ſhall I be.

Tempt me not with pageant power,  
Give me not the miſer's hoard,  
May contentment cheer my bower,  
And plenty deck my board.

The ſelfiſh wretch in pride may roll,  
And viands cull from pole to pole,  
My purſe ſhall ſerve each kindred ſoul,  
And ſet the hapleſs free.

Theſe, when partial Fate has given  
Theſe with health to taſte the ſtore,  
Earth itſelf becomes a heaven,  
And nought to wiſh for more.

---

\* The air is altered from one in an Italian opera.



## SONG.

## EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

SHE.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle ;  
A' the lang day ye are winkin', drinkin', gapin', gauntin' ;  
O' fottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,  
Ill-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

HE.

Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body ;  
*Will* ye ha'e walth, troth, but gude be prais'd, the *Will's*  
awantin' ;  
The puttin' cow fou'd be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.  
Mak na fic an awefome reel.

SHE.

Ye're a fow, auld man,  
Ye get fou, auld man ;  
Fye shame, auld man,  
To your wame, auld man,  
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,  
A plack to clead yer back and pow.

HE.

It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's yer tea, gudewife ;  
 Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a', gudewife ;  
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
 Ye like a drap fou weel yerfel.

SHE.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolick, jest and frolick ;  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy ?  
 In't werena juist aiblins to cure the cholick, cure the cholick,  
 De'il a drap wad weet my mou.

HE.

Troth, auld gudewife, ye wad na fwither, wad na fwither,  
 Soon soon to tak a cholick, whan it brings a cappy ;  
 But twa score o' years we ha'e fought thegither, fought  
 Time it is to gree, I trow. [thegither,

SHE.

I'm wrang, auld John,  
 Owr lang, auld John,

For nought, gude John,  
We ha'e fought, gude John ;  
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
We're far ovr fecklefs now to fecht.

HE.

Ye're right, gudewife,  
The night, gudewife,  
Our cup, gude Kate,  
We'll sup, gude Kate ;  
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
And toom the stoup atween us twa.



A lawyer nieft, wi' blathrin' gab,  
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
 In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,

And a' for a fee :

Accounts he had through a' the town,  
 And tradesmens tongues nae mair could drown ;  
 Haith now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird nieft trotted up,  
 Wi' bawfen'd naig and filler whup,  
 Cried " There's my beaft, lad, had the grup,

Or tie't till a tree.

What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan',  
 Bestow on ane o' worth yer han' ;"  
 He thought to pay what he was *aw*n

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce, frae ban'boxes and tubs,  
 A THING cam nieft, (but life has rubs),  
 Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,

Ah ! wacs me !

A' clatty, squintin' through a glafs,  
He girn'd, " I'faith a bonnie lafs !"  
He thought to win, wi' front o' brafs,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,  
The foger no to strut fae big,  
The lawyer no to be a prig,  
The fool cry'd " Tchec,  
I kent that I could never fail !"  
She prin'd the difhclout till his tail,  
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,  
And kept her bawbee.



## SONG.

## JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willie's wedding o' the green,  
The lasses, bonny witches,  
Were busked out in aprons clean,  
And snaw-white Sunday's matches.  
Auld Mayfie bade the lads tak tent,  
But Jock wad na believe her,  
But soon the fool his folly kent,  
For—Jenny dang the Weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel  
Wi' her he wad be babbin';  
When she fat down, then he fat down,  
And till her wad be gabbin';  
Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,  
The coof wad never leave her,  
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,  
But Jenny dang the Weaver.

Quoth he, " My lafs, to fpeak my mind,  
Gude haith I needna fwither,  
Ye've bonny een, and gif ye're kind,  
I needna court anither."

He humm'd and haw'd,—the lafs cried pheugh,  
And bade the fool no deave her,  
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap, and leugh,  
And dang the filly Weaver.

## SONG.

## THE CHANGE OF EDINBURGH.

**H**ECH ! what a change ha'e we now in this town !  
A' now are braw lads, the lassies a' glancin' ;  
Folk maun be dizzie gaun aye in the roun',  
For de'il a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk filler pock,  
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit stagic ;  
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock  
But trotted about upon honest shanks-nagie.

Little was stown then, and lefs gaed to waste,  
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens,  
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market pac'd,  
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,  
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin' ;  
Right air we were tel't by the housemaid or chiel,  
Sir, an ye please, here's yer lads and a lantern.

The town may be clòuted and piec'd till it meets  
A' neebours benorth and befouth without haltin',  
Brigs may be biggit owr lums and owr streets,  
The Nor-loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton :

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see  
A' that is gude, honest, modest and thrifty ?  
Tak grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,  
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

## SONG.

## TO AN IRISH AIR.

*By the late James Boswell, Esq.*

O LARGHAN CLANBRASSIL, how sweet is thy sound !  
To my tender remembrance as Love's sacred ground ;  
For there Marg'ret Caroline first charm'd my sight,  
And fill'd my young heart with a flutt'ring delight.

When I thought her my own, ah ! too short seem'd the day  
For a jaunt to Downpatrick, or a trip on the sea ;  
To express what I felt then, all language were vain,  
'Twas in truth what the poets have *studied* to feign.

But too late I found even she could deceive,  
And nothing was left but to weep, sigh, and rave ;  
Distracted I fled from my dear native shore,  
Resolv'd to see LARGHAN CLANBRASSIL no more.

Yet still in some moments enchanted I find  
A ray of her fondness beam soft on my mind ;  
While thus in blest'd fancy my angel I see,  
All the world is a LARGHAN CLANBRASSIL to me.

## S O N G.

## SHELAH O'NEAL \*.

OFT I went to her,  
To figh and to woo her ;  
Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal ;  
Above all the rest,  
What still pleas'd her the best,  
Was, " Och ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal ?"

My point I soon carried,  
For fast we got married ;  
The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel ;  
She scolded and fifted,  
O then I enlisted,  
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted,  
My corps I deserted,  
And fled off to regions far distant from home,  
To Frederick's army,  
Where nought was to harm me,  
Not the devil himself in the shape of a bomb.

---

\* The air composed by the Author.



I fought ev'ry battle,  
Where cannon did rattle,  
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and their sharp-pointed steel ;  
But in all the wars round,  
Thank my stars, I ne'er found  
Ought so sharp as thy tongue, O curs'd Shelah O'Neal.

B

## S O N G.

## FREU'T EUCH DES LIBENS.

## CHORUS.

Taste life's glad moments  
Whilst the wasting taper glows,  
Pluck, ere it withers,  
The quickly fading rose.

**M**AN blindly follows grief and care,  
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,  
Whilst v'lets to the passing air  
Unheeded shed their blossoms.

*Chorus.*

Though tim'rous nature veils her form,  
And rolling thunder spreads alarm ;  
Yet, ah ! how soft, when lull'd the storm,  
The sun smiles forth at ev'n !

*Chorus.*

---

\* Translated at Leipfick in 1795. Several versions of this song have been published. If this is the least elegant, it is perhaps the most literal.

To him who Spleen and Envy flies,  
And meek Contentment well can prize,  
The humble plant a tree shall rise,  
Which golden fruit will yield him.

*Chorus.*

Who fosters Faith in upright breast,  
And freely gives to the distress'd,  
There shall Contentment build her nest,  
And flutter round his bosom.

*Chorus.*

And when Life's path grows dark and strait,  
And pressing ills on ills await,  
Then FRIENDSHIP, sorrow to abate,  
The helping hand will offer.

*Chorus.*

She dries his tears—she strews his way,  
Ev'n to the grave, with flow'rets gay ;  
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,  
And pleasure still increases.

*Chorus.*

Of Life she is the fairest band,  
Joins brothers truly hand in hand ;  
Thus onward, to a better land,  
Man journeys light and cheer'ly.

## CHORUS.

Taste life's glad moments  
Whilst the wafting taper glows,  
Pluck, ere it withers,  
The quickly fading rose.

## SONG.

AIR—*Soger Laddie.*

SHE.

COME rest ye here, Johnnie—what news frae the south?  
 Here's whey in a luggie to flocken yer drouth:  
 Our fogers are landed—my hopes are maist dicing;  
 I'm fear'd, John, to speir if my Jamie's in being.

HE.

Aye, troth las they're landed, and norward they're comin',  
 In braw order marchin', wi' fin' and drummin';  
 I felt my grey plaid, my cald winter's warm happin',  
 To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.

Yer father's gude-brither, the serjeant, wi' glee,  
 Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughin', quo' he,  
 "Ye're ovr auld to lift, or ye'd rug *this* fast frae me.  
 "Mair drink here!"

SHE.

But John, O, nae news o' poor Jamie?

HE.

The de'il's i' the lassie, there's nought in her noddle,  
But Jamie, aye Jamie; she cares na ae boddle  
For grey-headed heroes.—Weel, what should I say now?  
The chiel's safe and weel, and what mair would ye hae  
now?

SHE.

He's weel! gude be prais'd, my dear laddie is weel!  
Sic news! heh man, John, ye're a sonsie auld chiel!  
I'm doited or daiz'd, it's fu' time I were rinnin',  
The wark might be done or I think o' beginnin'.

I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,  
And link ower the hills whar the caller wind blaws,  
And meet the dear lad wha was true to me ever,  
And, dorty nae mair, O I'll part wi' him never.



ON THE FIDELITY OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN THE  
REBELLION 1745-6.

FATAL the cause to the sons of the hill,  
Who rush'd to the standard, the boast of a day;  
More fatal the \* captain whose merciless will  
Bade sweep the bold chief and his vassals away.

Scotland below'd ! for the blood of thy sons  
Ah never again spread the heath-cover'd plain !  
Thou stream of the mountain, that wandering runs,  
Ah never be purpled by faction again !

Ill-fated Stuart ! thy hopes we bemoan ;  
Bold, rash, and ardent, deceiv'd and elate,  
The crown of your fathers you fought as your own,  
Unaided by Britain, and thwarted by fate.

Difown'd by the land that your fathers had sway'd,  
Ah ! why didst thou rouse the calamitous flame ?  
In vain were the clans in thy legions array'd,  
For victims they fell to a desperate claim.

---

\* Alluding to the severities which were inflicted after the battle of Culloden, altogether omitted in Home's History of the Rebellion.

Fierce and untam'd, yet devoted to thee,  
Proud that their death should their loyalty seal  
In the torrent of battle, the block, or the tree ;  
Though blind and mistaken, we honour their zeal.

The \* chieftain undaunted press'd onward, and fell,  
Firm to the last, in the face of his clan ;  
The wandering hind did his duty as well,  
And seeking thy safety, did honour to man.

To virtue awake, to fidelity true ;  
Wealth with dishonour was spurn'd by the brave.  
O Charles ! while in pity we sorrow for you,  
Exulting we'll think on † Glenmorriston's cave.

---

\* Macdonald of Keppoch.

† The cave where seven Highlanders concealed Charles Stuart, and in disguise procured necessaries and information. Although fugitives and in poverty, these seven had the nobleness of mind to prefer fidelity to the man whom they considered as their prince to 30,000*l.*, the reward offered for his person. See *Home's History*.

## SONG.

TO A GERMAN AIR.

**A**N, life is but a dream !  
Still from futurity we borrow  
The pleasing hope of new delight ;  
The hours pass on, and coming night  
Foretels that joy shall deck to-morrow ;  
It comes—we find, alas ! in sorrow,  
That life is but a dream.

## DRINKING SONG.

---

Wenn's immer so wär.

---

**H**ERE's a toast—charge your glaffes—your bumpers are  
Then quick feize the bottle and push it about ;      [out,  
Don't fill on a heel-top, it is not decorous ;  
Like true thirsty souls let us drink what's before us,  
Be it wine from the Rhine, France, Oporto, or Spain.  
Ah, could we thus merry for ever remain !  
For ever, for ever, for ever remain !

True toppers drink all things from claret to ale ;  
The butt may be finish'd, but we'll never fail :  
We'll ne'er pick a quarrel whatever the liquor ;  
If strong, we'll drink slower, if weak, we'll drink quicker ;  
Whate'er makes us merry we'll never disdain.  
Ah, could we thus happy for ever remain !  
For ever, for ever, for ever remain !

The Turks, who are ninnies, to drink never dare,  
But with poisonous opium deaden their care ;

In sleepy stupidity vie with each other,  
And one napping Muffulman snores to his brother ;  
But we taste delight, not mere absence from pain,  
Ah, may we thus happy for ever remain !  
For ever, for ever, for ever remain !

## SONG.

## BRAES OF OCHTERTYRE.

QUICK beats my fever'd brain,  
Distraction shakes my waiving frame ;  
Dark seems the new day,  
And darker still to-morrow ;  
Wild are the images  
That rush upon me at *her* name,  
Yet not a tear bedews this cheek,  
So pale and wan with sorrow :

For low beneath yon grassy turf  
Soft slumbers all I e'er could prize.  
Death struck the dread blow,  
And murder'd peace and pleasure :  
Soon, ah soon, this heart must break !  
How keen these feelings agonize !  
Lost for ever to my sight,  
The grave holds my soul's treasure.

Time was, with joyful step  
I hasten'd here at eventide ;  
Life fled, too fleeting  
The hours with her beguiling :  
Mild shone the setting sun,  
And ting'd with gold yon mountain's side ;  
Mild were his last rays  
That smil'd on Mary smiling.

He set—and with him set those orbs  
That beam'd serenity and love ;  
Cold grew that warm heart—  
Ah, would that mine were colder !  
With Mary perish'd ev'ry joy—  
Peace beckons only from above.  
The last sad wish this heart can frame  
Is here with her to moulder.

## SONG.

## THE EXILE'S RETURN.

*AIR—Loch Erroch Side.*

**H**ARSH is he who brands with shame  
A loyal Scot's unfullied name ;  
True his heart and fair his fame  
Who now in dust is sleeping.  
From Stuarts flow'd our wealth and pride—  
My fire on lov'd Loch Erroch Side  
The summons heard—he fought and died,  
And left his orphan weeping.

Ah ! had he liv'd to mark the fate  
Of those who brav'd cool Willam's hate,  
Then had he drank the dregs, though late,  
Of sorrow's bitter potion.  
Heir of misfortune, not disgrace,  
Shame ne'er crimson'd o'er my face ;  
The lone lost remnant of our race,  
I cross'd the Western Ocean.



My fortunes bounteous Heaven blest'd,  
My wealth increas'd, lov'd and carest'd,  
Yet still my soul in vain sought rest

Amidst these friends caresting.

To tread again my native shore,  
To share with those I lov'd my store,  
To see Loch Erroch Side once more,  
Beam'd hope's benigneft blessing.

Ah ! little reck'd I midst my fears  
The havoc of the lapse of years,  
Since beggar'd, fatherless, in tears,  
I hasten'd far from danger.

How false the picture fancy drew,  
How chang'd those scenes that well I knew !  
No friend is left—Scotland adieu !  
I am indeed a stranger.

## DUET.

CAPTAIN O'FLYN AND MISS DOLLY O'LYNN.

---

Ein mädchen oder werbchen.

---

*Capt.* ON charms of wit and beauty

My heart's too prone to doat ;

But prudence, teaching duty,

Cries, Love won't boil the pot.

Oh could I but hit on an heiress,

Who in some old Tabitha's care is,

I'd take her for better for worse,

With money enough in her purse.

*Miss.* The Captain is quite pleasing ;

Pray who can say he's not ?

But is it not quite teasing,

He is not worth a groat ?

Oh could I but hit on an Earl,

And in a gay equipage whirl,

I'd take him for better for worse,

With money enough in his purse.

*Capt.* Since Fate then is so cruel,

'Tis better for to part,

*Mis.* Than ride, my dearest jewel,

Together in a—cart.

*Capt.* What signifies making wry faces ;

*Mis.* Let's part in each others good graces.

*Both.* You never can hit on a worse,

For I have not a coin in my purse.

## SONG.

### THE OLD CHIEFTAIN TO HIS SONS.

**G**UDE night and joy be wi' ye a' ;

Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :

May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw !

In sorrow may ye never part !

My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;

The mountain fires now blaze in vain :

Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,

And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
Frac boasting foes their banners tore,  
Wha show'd himsel a better man,  
Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore ?

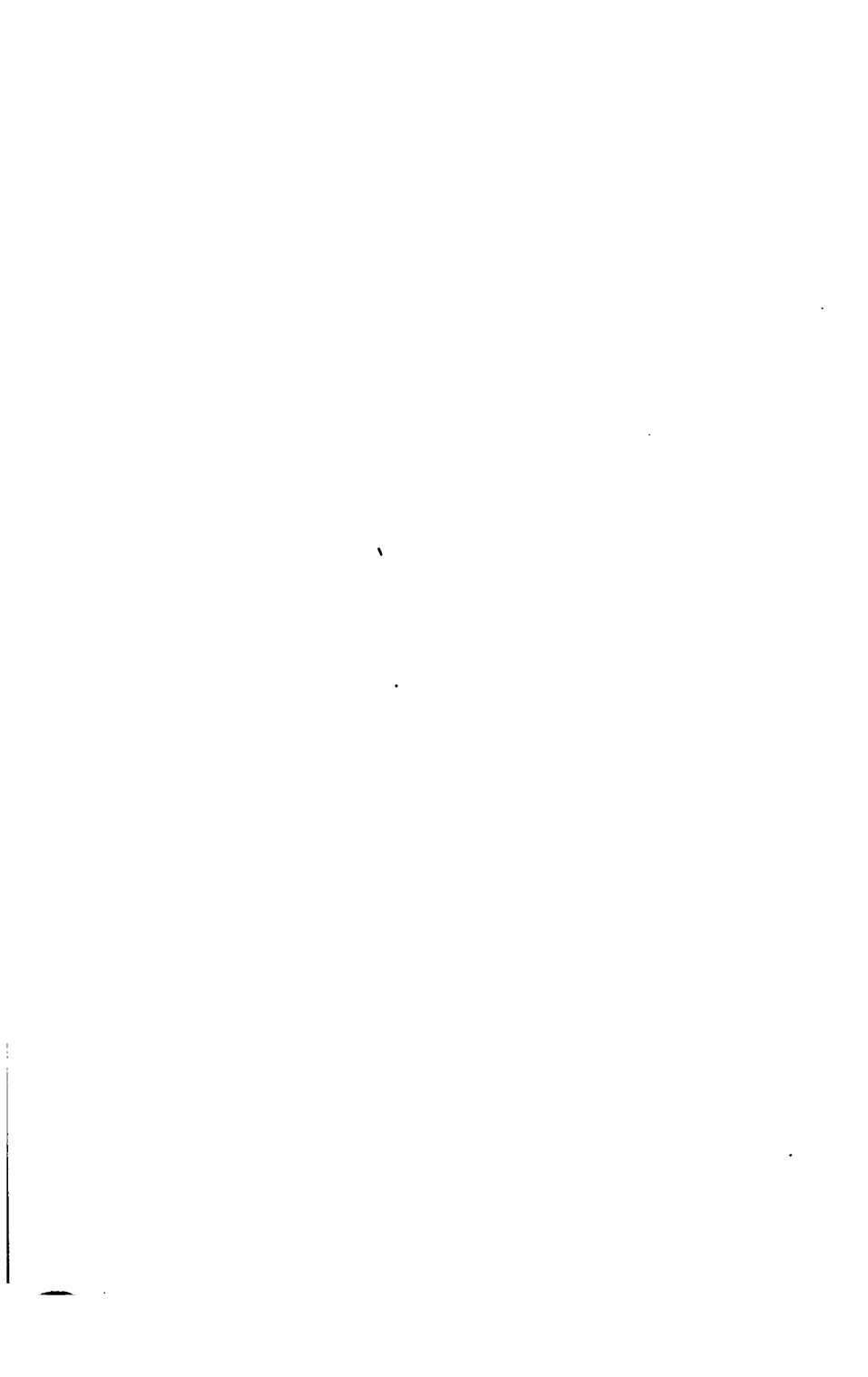
But when in peace—then mark me there—  
When through the glen the wanderer came,  
I gave him of our hardy fare,  
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;  
Be canty, but be gude and liel ;  
Your ain ills aye ha'e heart to bear,  
Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel.

So, ere I fet, I'll see you shine,  
I'll see you triumph ere I fa' ;  
My parting breath shall boast you mine :  
Gude night and joy be wi' ye a'.

END OF PART I.













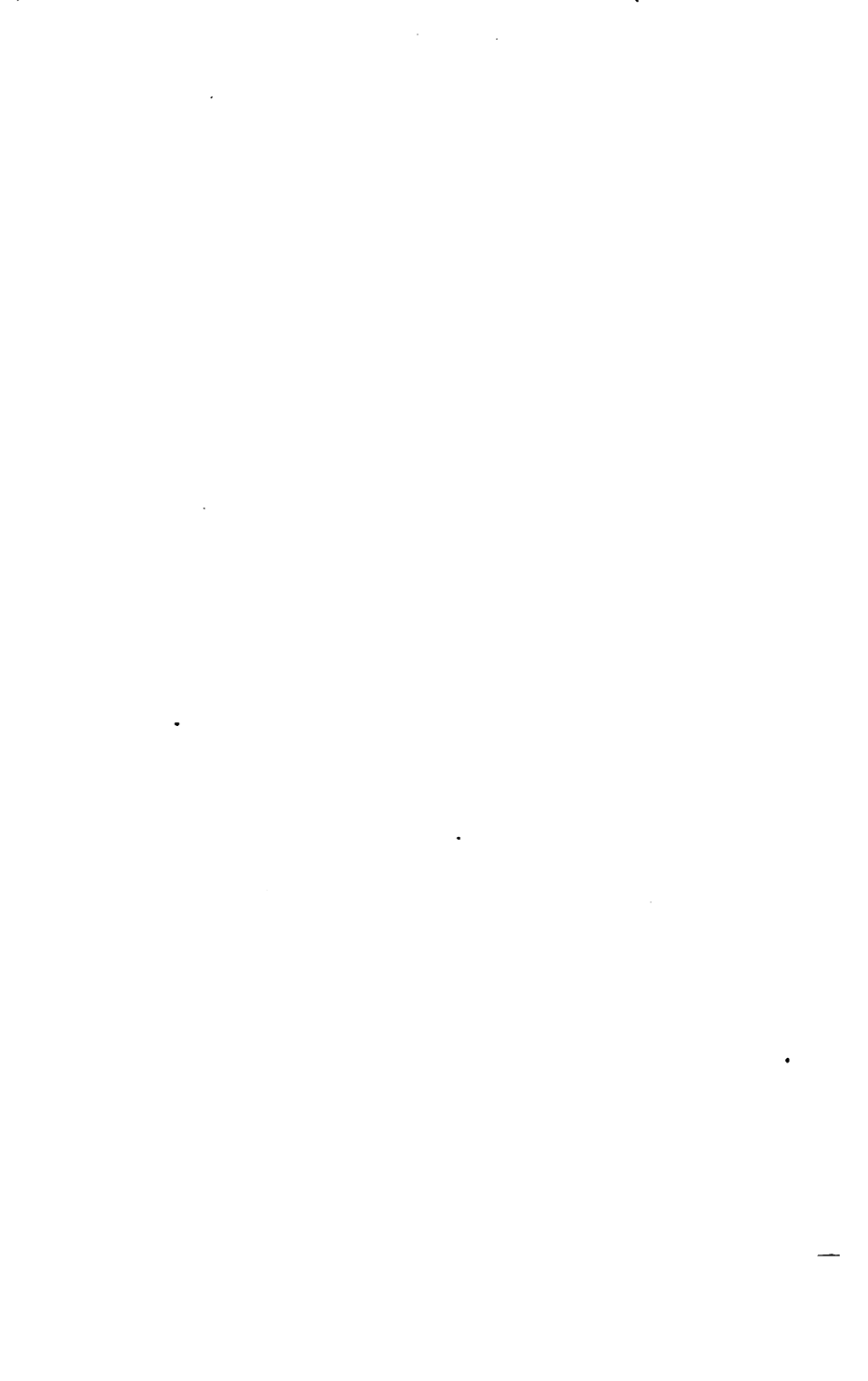


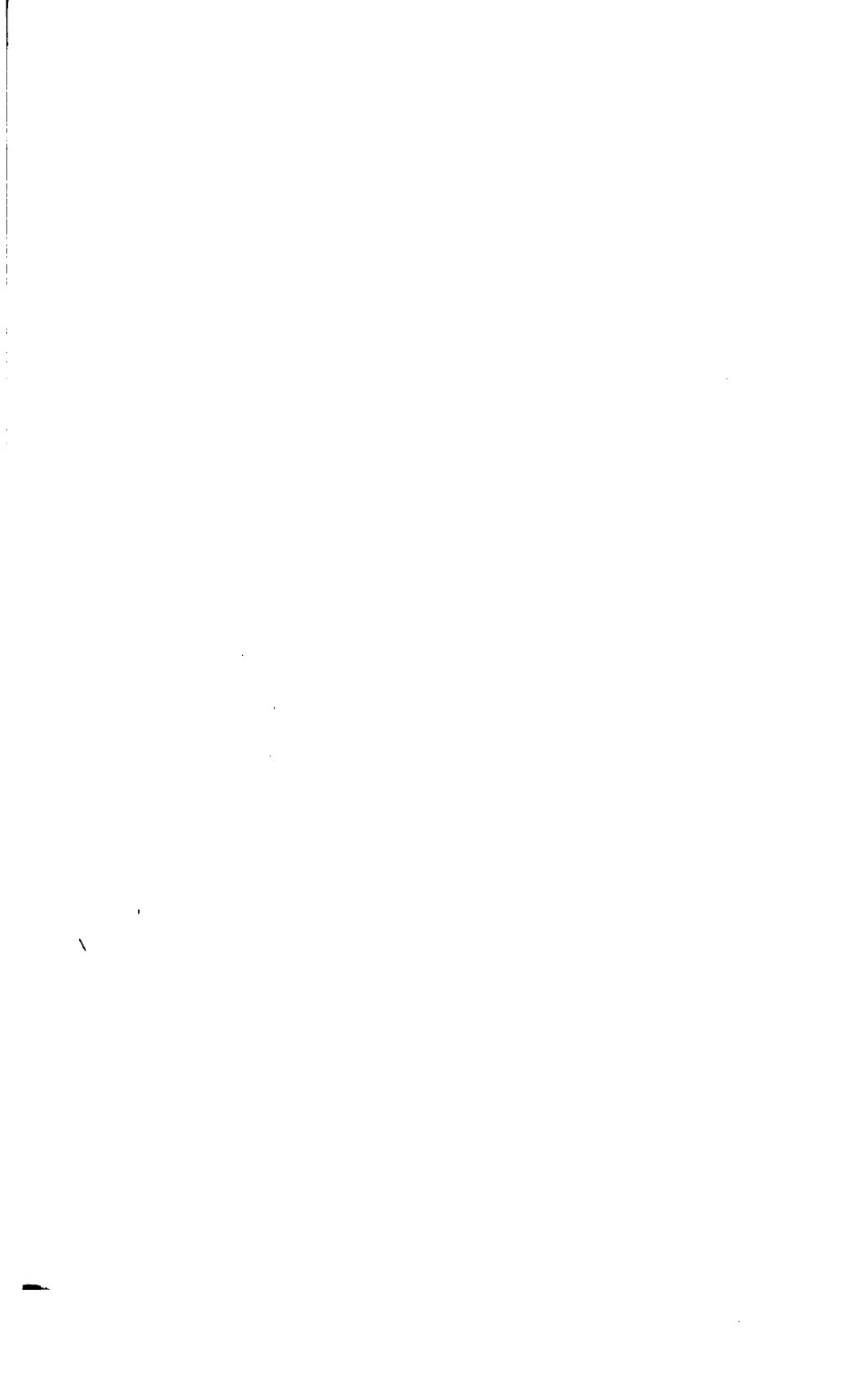






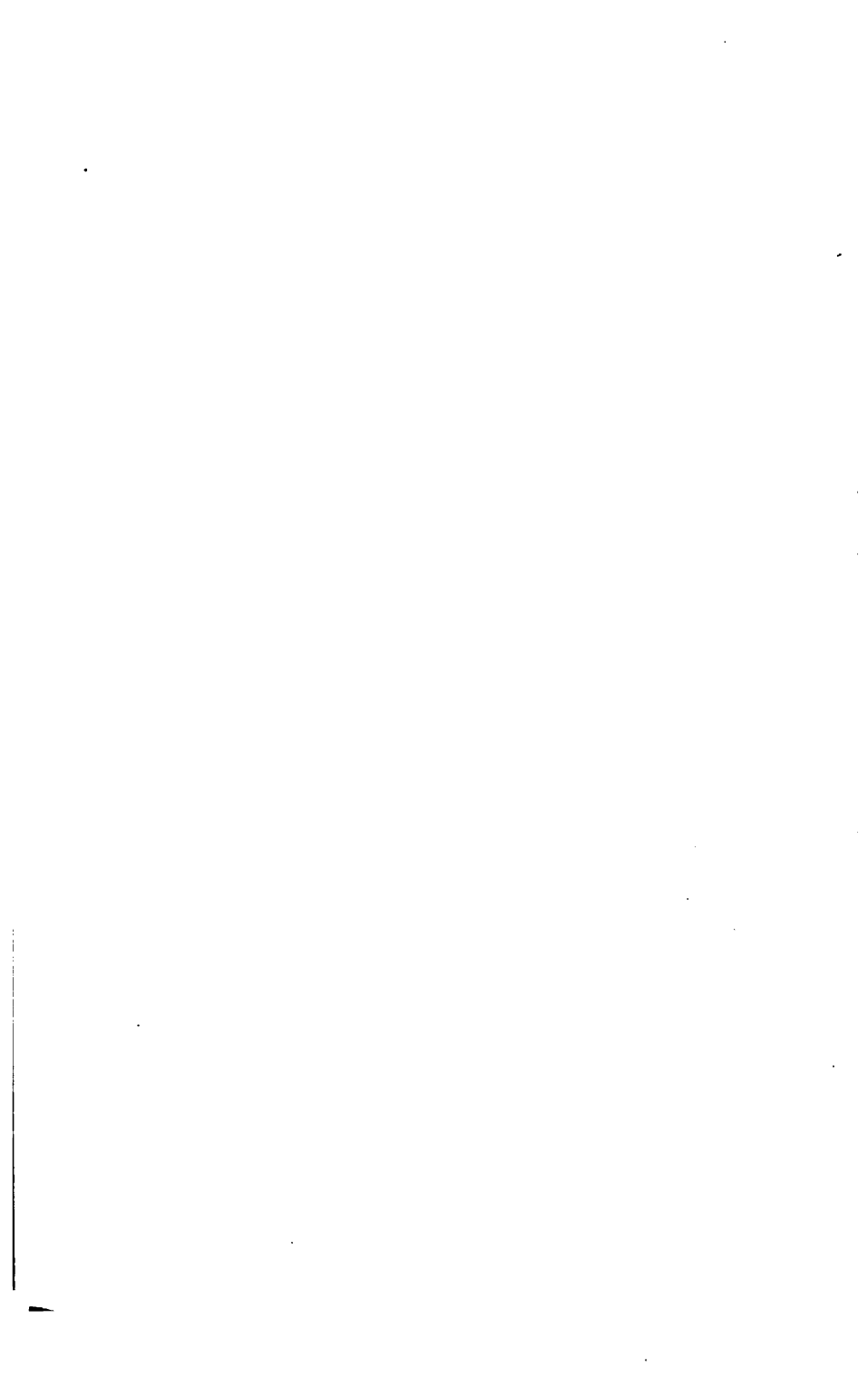






























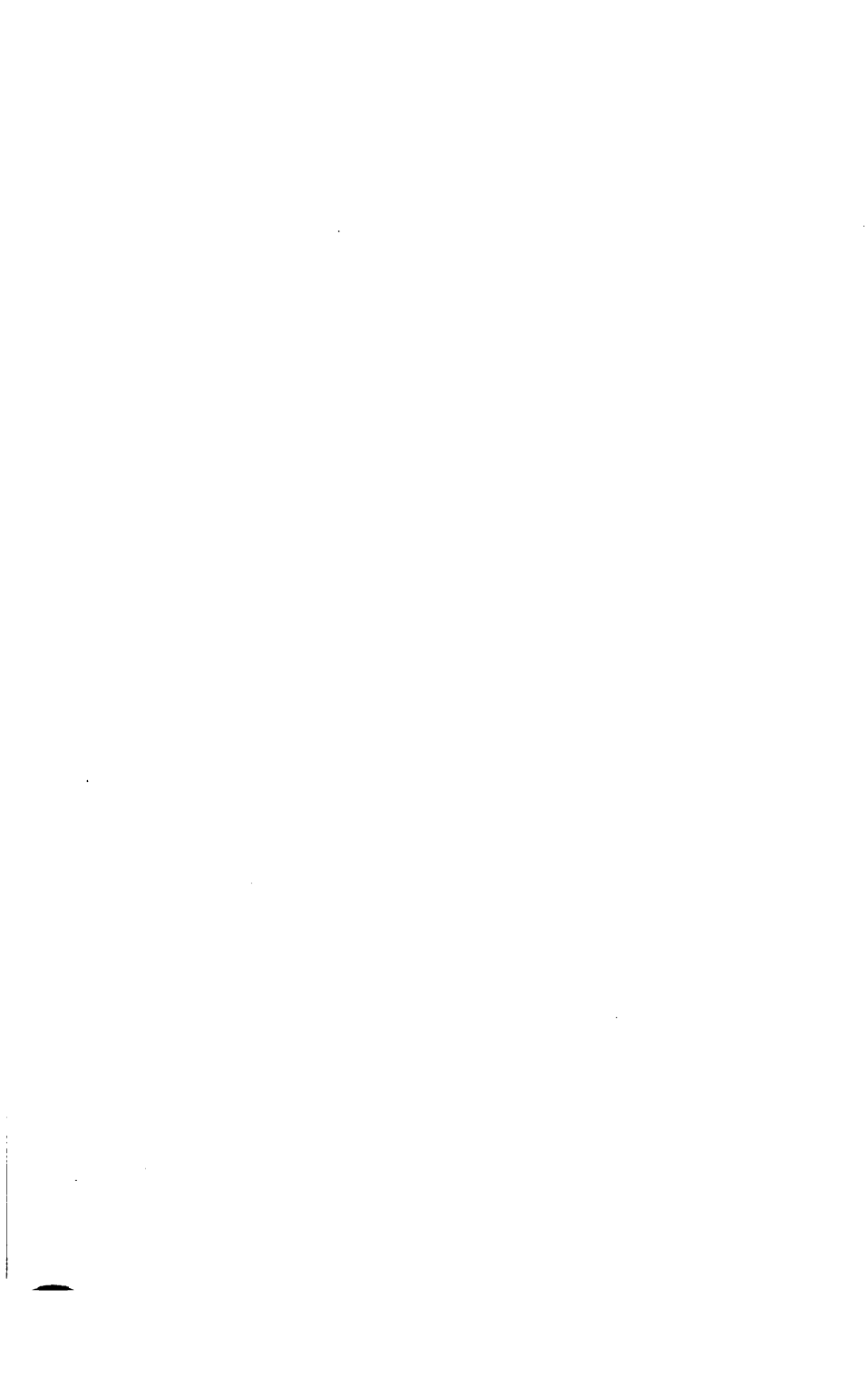








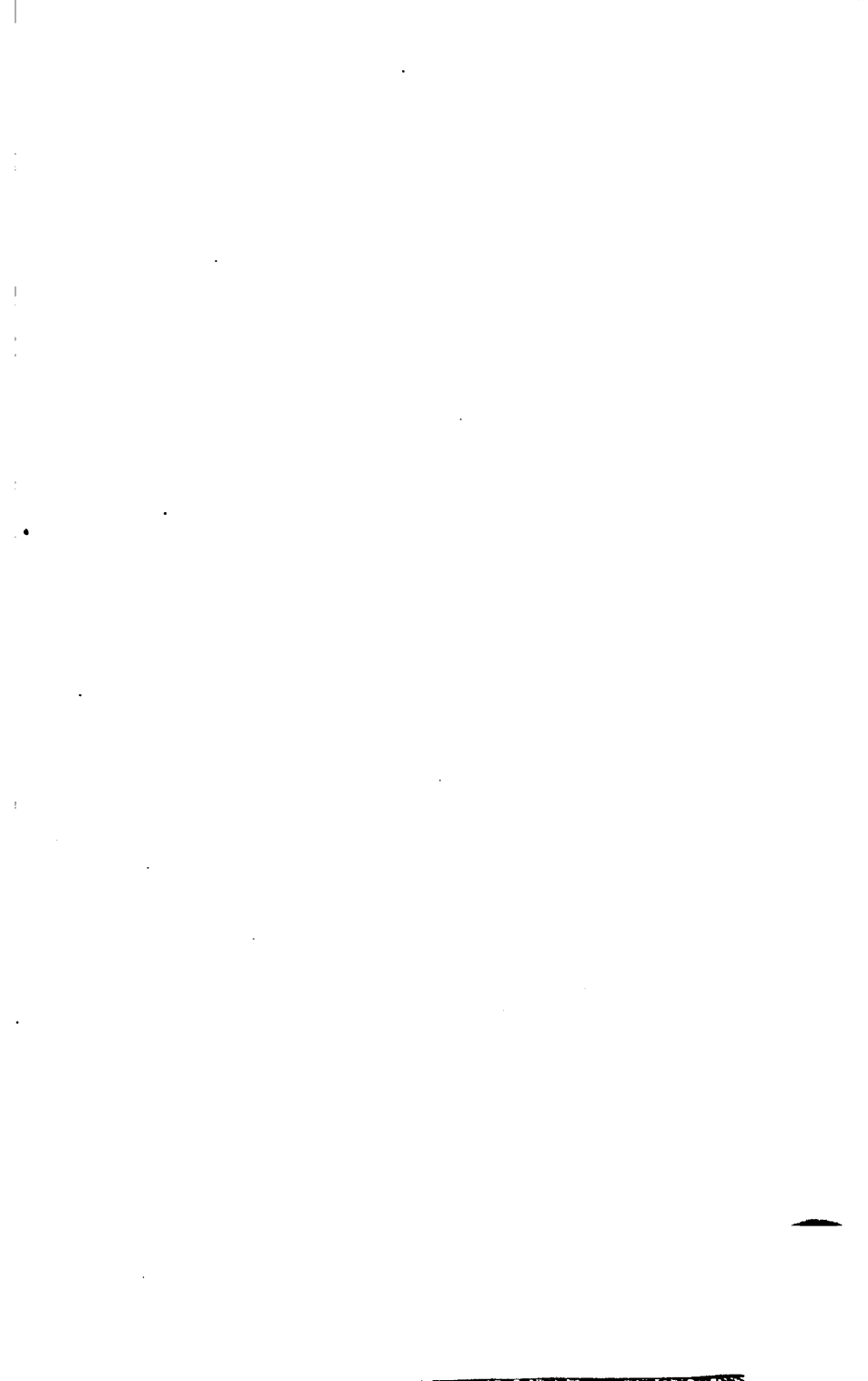




























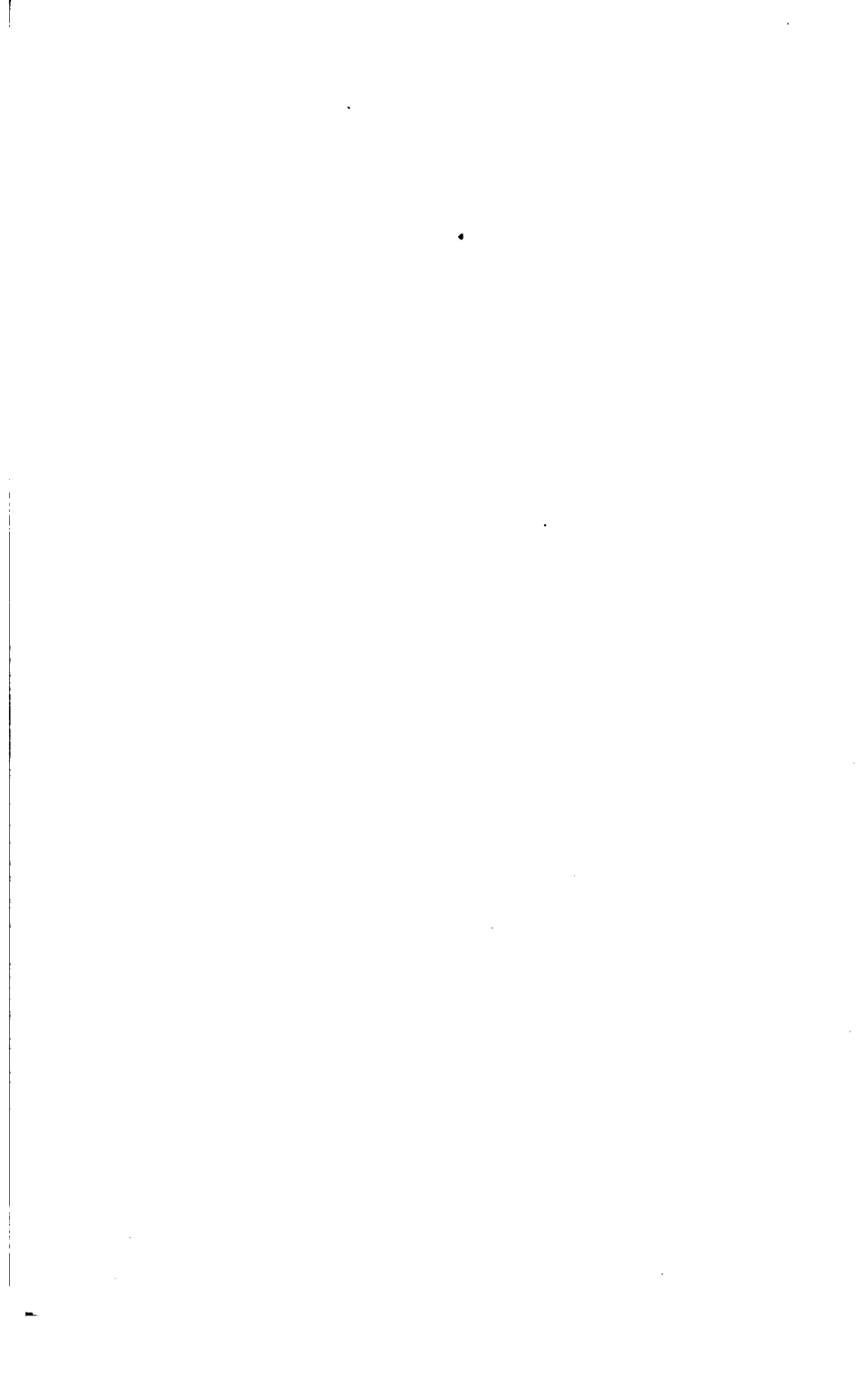




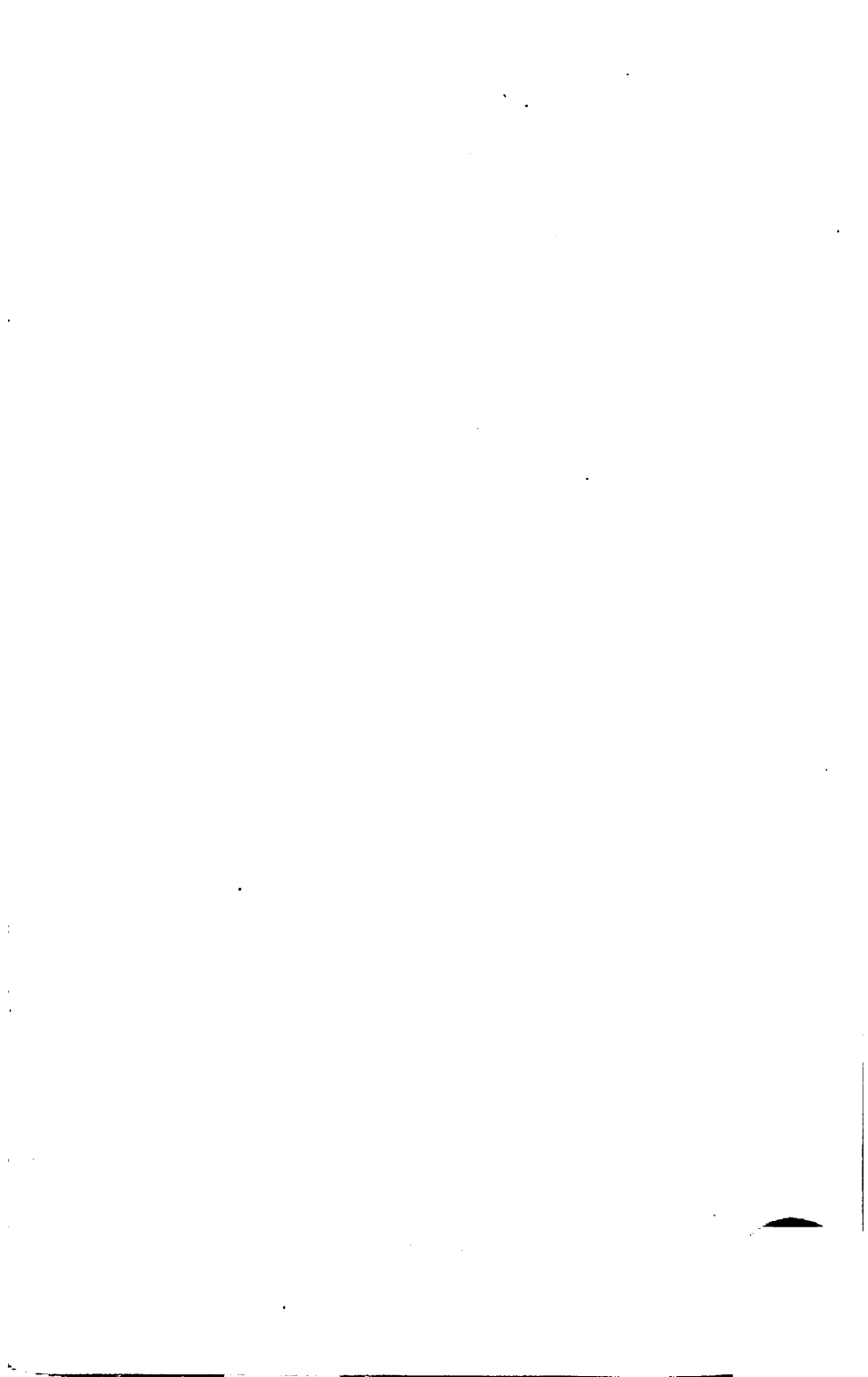












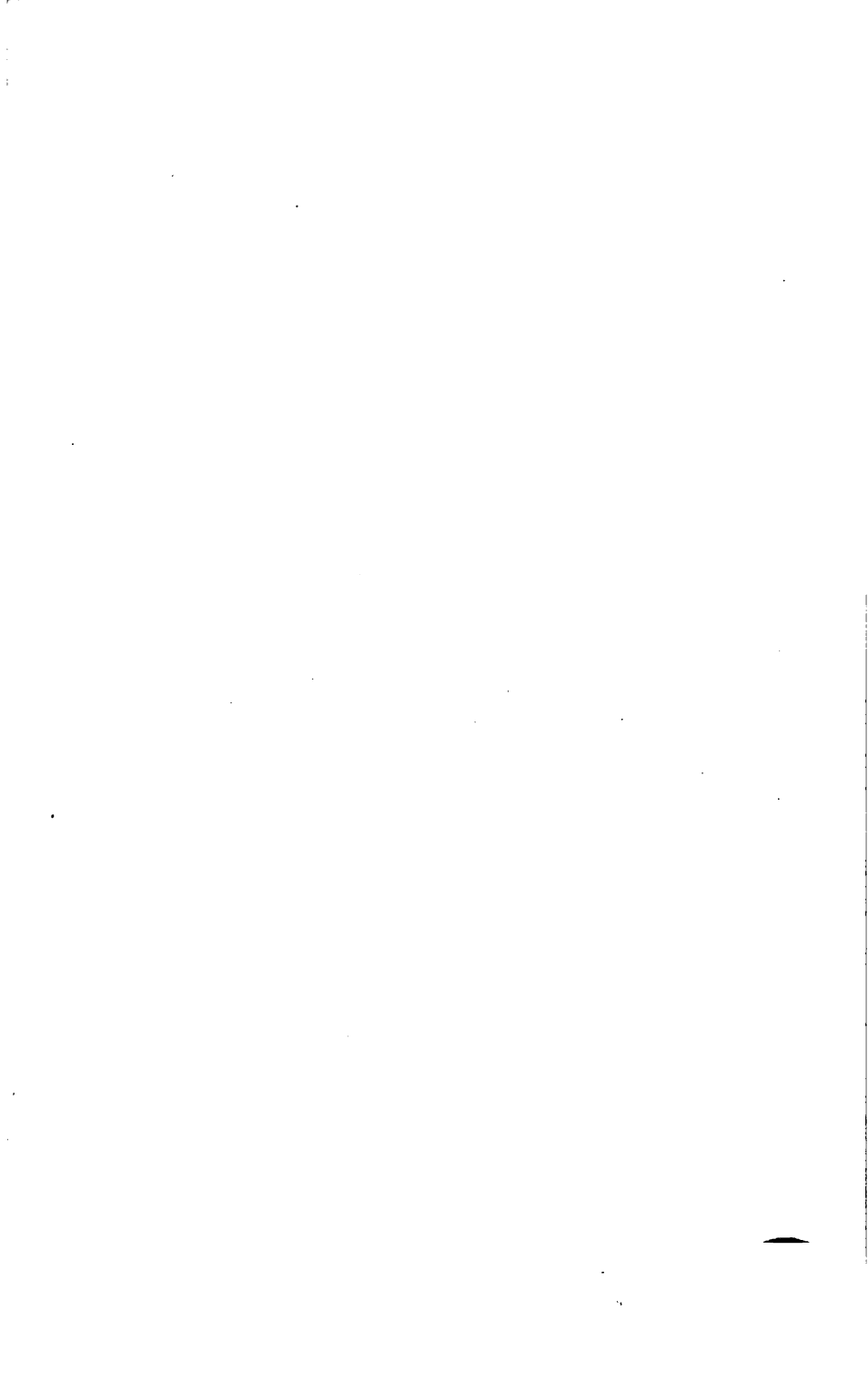






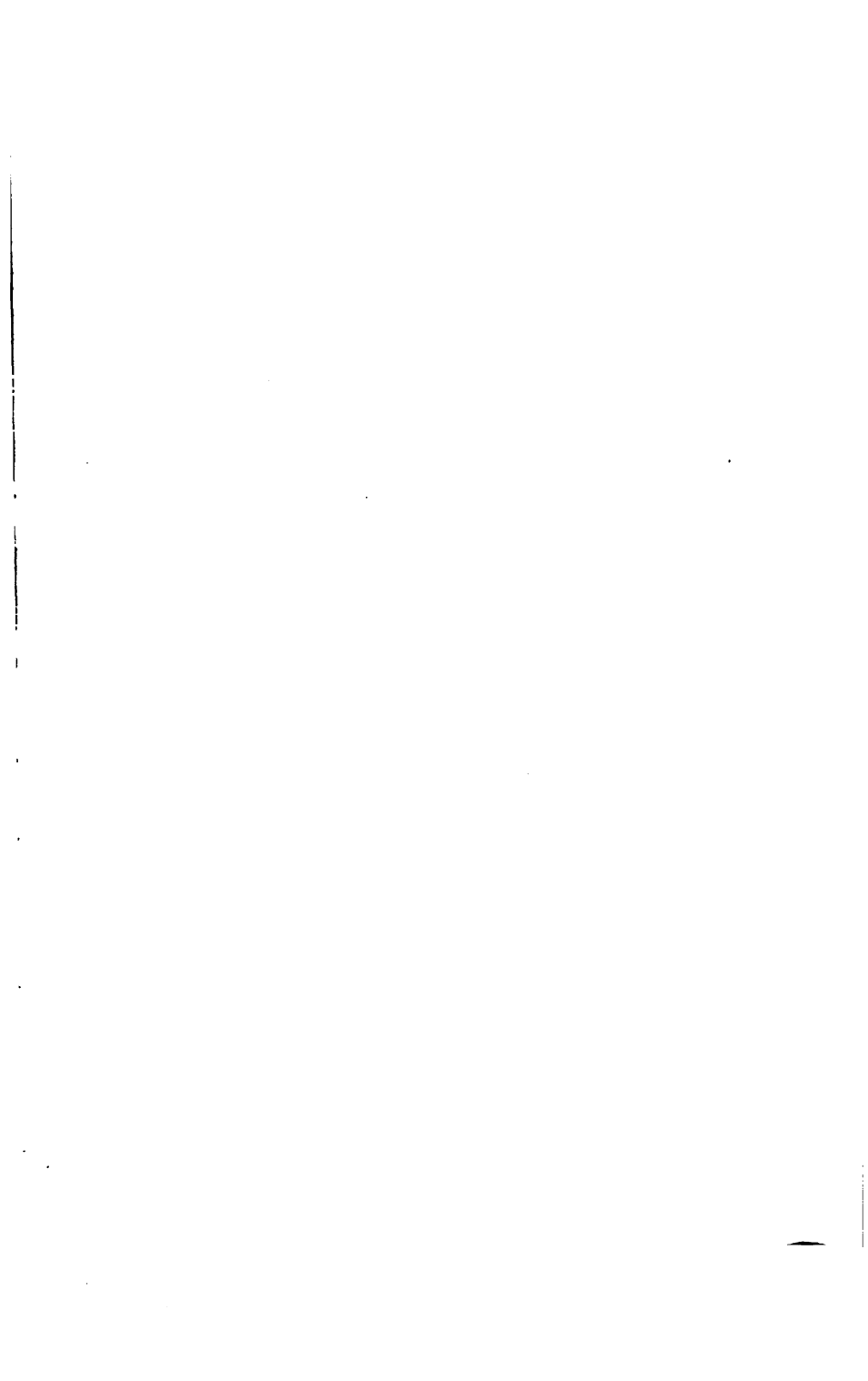


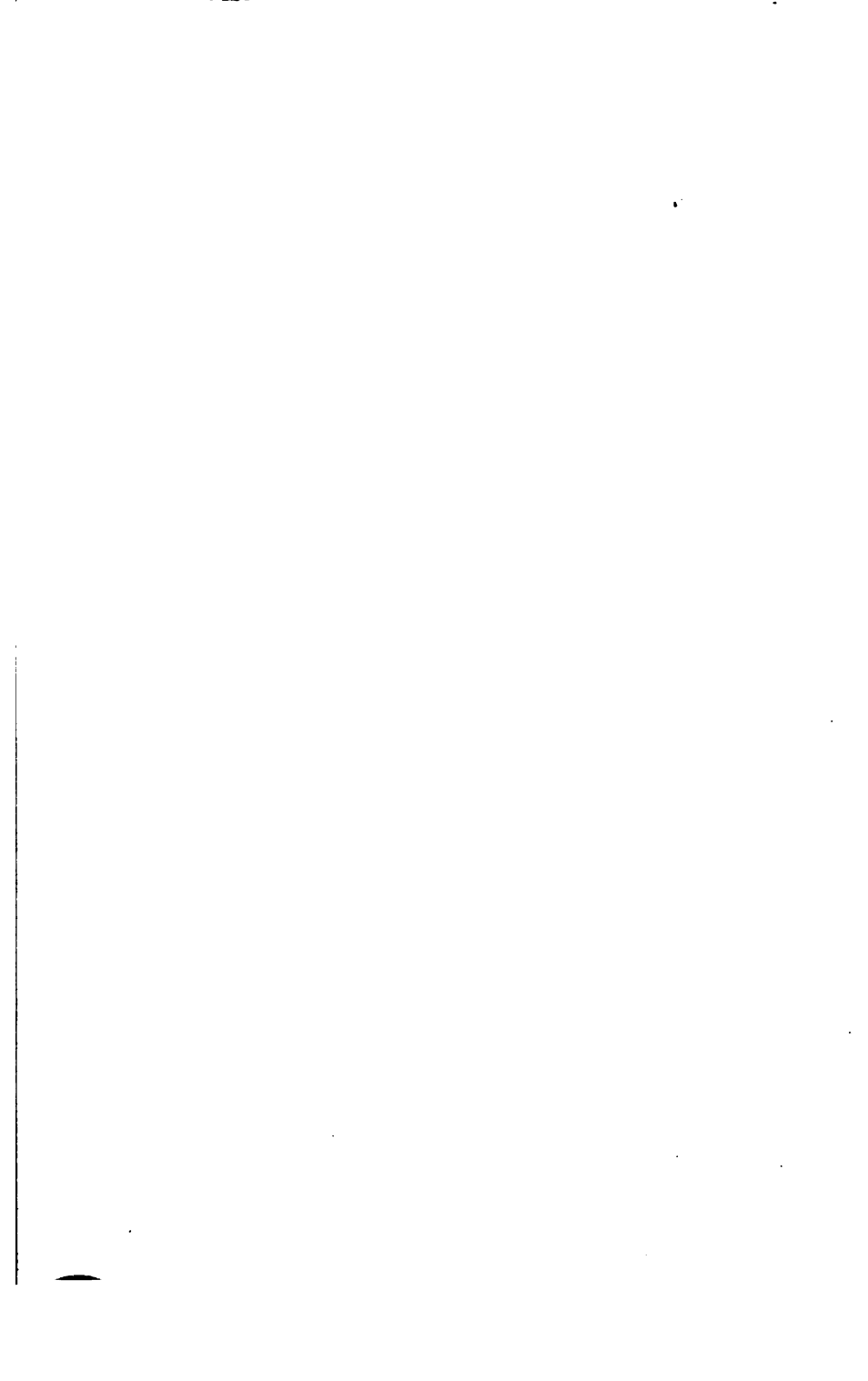












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